

The Critic

Published weekly, at 743 Broadway, New York, by

THE CRITIC COMPANY.

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, JULY 16, 1887.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, at *The Critic* office, No. 743 Broadway. Also, by Charles Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, E. P. Dutton & Co., Brentano Bros., and the principal news-dealers in the city. Boston: Damrell & Upham (Old Corner Book-store). Philadelphia: John Wanamaker. Washington: Brentano Brothers. Chicago: Brentano Bros. New Orleans: George F. Wharton, 5 Carondelet Street. San Francisco: Strickland & Pierson. London: B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square. Paris: Galignani's, 224 Rue de Rivoli. Rome: Office of the Nuova Antologia.

Waiting.

CARE NOT, if some outstrip thee in the race :

The race is not unto the swift or strong;

Thy gift will wait for thee however long :

No hand but thine can take it from its place.

Care not, nor haste : there is no soon or late,

But all things have their seasons—stars to rise,

Each star its place and moment in the skies ;

And thou must teach thy anxious heart to wait.

How many years in God's eternal plan

The elements had waited, till they found

Their point in time's great circle rolling round,

To make thee what thou art, O Son of man !

No hand may touch the wheels of God's design

To hasten or retard them; and no power

Can keep thee at the one appointed hour,

From finding that which right pronounces thine.

SAMUEL V. COLE.

The Best Home for Men-of-Letters.

A GREAT city is a great magnet. To it is drawn every kind of talent—legal, commercial, artistic and literary. Every man who feels in himself the power and love of work seeks the town, because there are to be found the best men and women in each line of work, and the highest rewards for all good work. The literary worker, especially, needs the stimulus of a great city, the contact with other minds, the endless variety of character, and lastly—what is quite as necessary—the stimulus of the publisher. So it happens that in midwinter can be found in New York, Boston and other great cities, the men and women who in every walk and in every way perform the literary work of the time and nation.

Every magnet has its disadvantages. The electro-magnet is a thing of whims, depending on the current. The permanent magnet is feebly persistent in a dull and stolid way, that must be tiresome to any self-respecting nail caught in its invisible attraction. So the city to the literary worker, while it allures at times, has its serious disadvantages. Unless the current be cut out, and the magnet lose its force, the man or woman will some day die—or become a hack, which is the same thing. Literary men and women need the city at times, but unless they can escape for a large part of the year from its lines of force, they will surely shorten their lives or limit their power of doing good work. There will come to every one a time when the noise, the hurry, the narrow rooms and streets, the late hours and bad air will begin to tell upon him. He may think he does not suffer from the noise ; he hears it, but does not heed it ; he gets accustomed to it. It is a delusion. Noise is an irritant, and, while half-unnoticed, effects in the long run a certain and positive harm.

A wise congregation considers its pastor, and bids him take a vacation. He must have his annual rest, that he may

be strong and well when he appears in the pulpit. A successful literary worker has a larger congregation than ever met under any roof. Unfortunately for him, his people—the people who read his books, stories or articles—are scattered far and wide, and can of themselves give their literary pastor no vacation. There is only one thing to be done : he must help himself. If the other workers drawn to the city must have their vacation, why, more than any, should not the literary worker escape from the terrible lines of force that tie him to his magnet ? It is generally recognized that the literary worker will be benefited by a vacation, and as vacation time is upon us, a word on the philosophy of vacation may be pertinent.

The common plan is to work in town from October to July, and then to go to the country or seashore. Three months is more than many think they can afford, and a few weeks is made to serve, on the principle that a half-loaf is better than none. Call it three months. So the writer is in town nine months, in the country three. Is this the best plan ? Why not turn it completely round, and stay in the country or at the beach nine months, and in town three ? That is all a man really needs in town, as far as social life is concerned. The 'season' grows shorter every year. The best plays, the best lectures, receptions, meetings, concerts—in fact, all that is best in the city—tends to concentrate in the three winter months. Why then, for these, stay in town three-fourths of the year, to gain the honey distilled in one-fourth ? Why not work out of town nine months in the year, and come in town for three months in the winter—for a vacation ? Would not the literary man or woman do more work and better work in the spring and fall, and certainly in the summer, in the country than in the city ? There can be no question that the best work can be done, by most literary workers, in the peaceful escape from interruptions, in the pure air, the regular hours, the quiet nights, of the country. It is said that all the English writers work out of London, and only visit the city in the season, and when more or less idle themselves. Is not this the best plan ? Would not the character of literary work be improved, if it was nearly all done in the country ? A certain writer in New York, whose pen (through another art) nightly charms thousands all over the country, spent last winter in New York. Engagements to work were pressing, yet he could not work. He was as quiet as a man can be on the tenth floor of an apartment house. Engagements pressed and he could not work. Worn and fretted by the noise, and incessant social demands, he was actually in despair, and began to fear he could no longer write. In a sort of desperation he 'camped out' for a week in a small house on the Sound. In twenty-four hours he found his pen again, and at once moved to the beach permanently and is at work there every day.

A literary worker is trustee for a gift—the gift of expression. It is his only, and will die with him. By what right can he waste or ruin his one talent by working at a disadvantage ? If a man be called to write, he *must* write. His very life is a trust for the people. He must work in the best place, under the best circumstances. If the city slowly kills, he is bound to heed these things. If the average literary life is short, he is bound to make his life longer. The city will perhaps let him live, or live and do good work, say forty years. The country might enable him to work fifty, sixty or even seventy years. Is he not, as the trustee of a good gift, bound to live that the people have the benefit of his gift ? There are men and women who can (or think they can) do the best work in town. It is very doubtful if the majority can do so. There are a few who will live as long a life in one place as another, but nearly all would live longer and thus do more work if they spent nine months out of the city and only three in it.

In like manner the literary worker, as has been proved over and over again, can only work a few hours in twenty-four. The rest is for exercise and sleep. He is therefore

excusable if he seem to be idling in country lawns or along the shore. If a yacht helps his health, let him get a yacht. No man lives for himself alone, and the trustee is bound to care for his trust. Being a trustee for a mental gift, the writer is bound by all means to keep his health, to be always up to concert pitch, and to live long, that his work may abide among men.

CHARLES BARNARD.

Reviews.

More Dante Books.*

'ALMOST all other poets have their seasons,' said James Russell Lowell, 'but Dante penetrates to the moral core of those who once fairly come within his sphere, and possesses them wholly. His readers turn students; his students zealots; and what was a taste becomes a religion. The homeless exile finds a home in thousands of grateful hearts, and comes from exile into peace.' A sample of this pushing and penetrating power is found in the volumes before us—one a reprint of a famous English work, the other new and original. People have seen in the name 'Dante' a form of 'Durante,' which means perpetual or abiding, and have looked upon it as a symbol of the lasting fame of the Florentine—the central man of all the world,' said Ruskin, the man for whom Carlyle predicted ten listening centuries and more. To the Rossettis he was an object of almost religious adoration, a god as well as a poet. Every member of that celebrated family has contributed more or less to a knowledge of him—the father a course of lectures, William a translation of the 'Inferno,' Maria Francesca 'A Shadow of Dante,' Christina poems and sonnets; and now the pre-raphaelite poet and artist this 'Dante and His Circle,' a book which originally appeared in 1861 under the title of 'The Early Italian Poets.' The object and execution of this work are alike admirable. To illustrate Dante from his own writings, from the 'Vita Nuova' and his other lyrics, and from the lyrics of his contemporaries who had the good fortune to enjoy personal intercourse with him, and to bring all this matter into clear connection with the poet, is an undertaking similar to Mr. Halliwell-Phillips's illumination of the obscurities of Shakespeare's life, and the task has been executed in the happiest manner. Rossetti's part of the executive task has been no less happily accomplished; for where else in English literature will there be found such a group of perfect translations as the unique author of 'The Blessed Damsel' has here given us?

First, with admirable commentary and translation, he gives us the 'Vita Nuova' in its variously perfect and commingled prose and poetry—a mystic but sublime 'autobiography' or 'autopsychology' of Dante's youth till about his twenty-seventh year—the most subtle literary autopsy that has ever been made. Next comes a string of illustrative sonnets, set about the figure of Dante like so many taper-lights, and casting an innumerable reflection on this or that dark corner of his career—wax candles held by Dante himself and by all his friends, each in its jewelled shaft of *canzone*, *ballata* or sonnet. There are seventy pages of these. Then follows the 'filmiest of all the will-o'-the-wisps that have beset him in making the book'—an appendix of questions relating to Forese Donati, Dante's brother-in-law. Part II. contains a garland of translations from forty-four poets who preceded or lived in the times of Dante, an anthology unrivalled for delicacy of rendering and mastery of form. Dante Rossetti was thoroughly imbued with the antique Italian spirit, and the rich dyes of its poetry play over these renderings like the changing lights on taffetas. He is a faithful as distinguished from a literal, a spiritual as opposed to a verbal, translator; and his work will remain the most remarkable auxiliary we have to the study of the minor works of Dante, to the Eng-

lish form in which these *opera minora* should be approached, and to the student of poetic and mystical atmospheres.

Miss (?) M. A. Ward's sketch of Dante is a very helpful guide and milestone for any one for the first time *en route* to Dante, who to beginners is as remote as the Alps of Alaska and needs a guiding stone at regular intervals. In twenty-four chapters she gives a modest and approximately complete account of Dante's life, wanderings and works, and winds up with a good bibliography and index of the subject. Her book is of course very different from Scartazzini's, but it is excellent in its way.

The Renaissance and the Reaction.*

THE two bulky volumes with which Mr. J. A. Symonds completes his work on the 'Renaissance in Italy' are devoted to 'The Catholic Reaction.' It was necessary to deal with the decay of poetry and painting and the rise of modern music; with the decline of the Renaissance and that revival of the religious spirit which gave the *coup de grace* to the widely prevalent neo-paganism. But the theme might have been as adequately treated in a single volume as it is in these two, by condensing the review of Papal and Spanish policy into a couple of chapters, and similarly shortening the author's account of Marino and Tassoni and their school. In his earlier volumes Mr. Symonds laid the blame for the state of society under the petty Italian despots to the account of the Middle Ages; he now attempts to show that the Renaissance had not reached its term, and was about to develop a healthy naturalistic literature and a science as vigorous as the modern, when the action of the Church checked all progress and brought the movement, in Italy at least, to an end. The Catholic Church is not held responsible for all the crimes of the Spanish Inquisition; and Mr. Symonds condones even the execution of Bruno, because public opinion held heresy to be the gravest of crimes. He does not withhold his admiration from the energy and piety of the founders of the Society of Jesus and the Theatines, nor from the cleverness shown by Pope and Curia in winding up the Council of Trent. But the work of the Index meets with his disapproval, and he discredits the efforts of the Jesuits to establish a *modus vivendi* between the Church and modern thought. Bruno might be burned, but his works should have been permitted to live; and Marino should not have been compelled to seek a publisher in Paris. The Index is charged with a share in producing the very evils it ostensibly undertook to abate. The corruption then prevalent, by the way, may not seem abnormal to readers of modern divorce court proceedings; and many of Mr. Symonds's readers know that the grossness charged against Roman schoolboys might easily be paralleled in English public schools to-day. On the other hand, it should not be forgotten that some of the books suppressed by the Index could not be published in English in this city, for fear of Anthony Comstock. There was room for a history of the Renaissance, but Mr. Symonds's work is hardly philosophical and impartial enough to satisfactorily fill it. With Vernon Lee's essays, however, it prepares the way for such a book, by bringing within easy reach everything that can be advanced in favor of that great movement.

We have said enough, however, on the religious bearings of the book. As a history of art and literature it is of greater value. The period of the Catholic Reaction extends from the Spanish invasion of the peninsula down to the decay of the Bolognese school of painters—from the famous siege of Florence to the pastoral poets of the *sei cento*. The thrilling descriptions of the Spanish Inquisition reveal Mr. Symonds's admirable talent for presenting the past in a pictorial fashion. There is something that reminds one of Motley in this spirited chapter. The bit of writing which gives a color-impression, as an artist would say,

* 1. Dante and His Circle. With the Italian Poets Preceding Him. By Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Revised and Re-arranged. \$2.00. Boston: Roberts Brothers.
2. Dante: A Sketch of His Life and Works. By May Alden Ward. \$1.25. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

* Renaissance in Italy. The Catholic Reaction. By John Addington Symonds. 2 Vols. \$7. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

of heretics burned in their red and yellow robes, in company with puppets and corpses, is hardly inferior to Carlyle's word-pictures in the 'French Revolution.' Mr. Symonds is at his best as a writer of monographs. He deals with individualities in a far higher literary vein than with historical generalities. The monographs on Tasso, Fra Sarpi and Bruno are clear, incisive and picturesque in style. Mr. Symonds's estimate of Tasso is not flattering to Italian literary pride. He appears to regard him in the light of a court-flunkey, who went mad from early Jesuitical training and overwork. He analyses 'Gerusalemme Liberata' exhaustively, and claims for Tasso the position of the first writer to introduce sentiment into Italian poetry. Palestrina and the rise of Italian music, and the last of the great painters, the Caracci, Guido, Domenichino and Caravaggio, are written of in an agreeable, generalizing way. Mr. Symonds takes a grim 'British view of the dear, delightful, wicked old romances of *cinque cento* Italy. The beautiful sinning women, the ardent, daring cavaliers who scale convent walls, the princes who lose crown and life through love of a fair face—all these he will none of. He tells us the story of Beatrice Cenci, of Vittoria Accoramboni, whose murdered body was shown to the people of Padua to fire them to revenge, and of Violante, Duchess of Palliano, strangled by her brother; but he tells these fine old tales of love and blood as one might talk of wife-murders reported in the London *Times*. The passion and the tragedy of the old Italian life do not reveal themselves to a man whose apprehension of Tasso's genius is so lacking in sympathy and insight as Mr. Symonds's. The author's style is not free from barbarism.

An Epicurean Journey.*

THE death of Gen. Daniel Pratt, announced the other morning, reminds us what restless travellers our countrymen are. 'The Great American Traveller,' famed in all American colleges, was possessed with the demon of unrest, and travelled like the Wandering Jew of the United States. His were, however, 'tramp trips,' on a good deal less than 'fifty cents a day.' The very uttermost antipodes of Gen. Pratt's or Mr. Merriwether's methods, was selected by our author in moving on to Moscow. His vehicle was a palace-car, his stopping-places Paris, Berlin, and all the other bright and gem-like cities that lay along his route like beads on a rosary. His pocket-book's plethora, his sound digestion, his sympathetic comrade, and his graceful ability to hurry slowly, made for him a joy which he has transferred to his pages for the infection and refection of his readers. In more than one sense, he is like Bunyan. This world seemed given under the similitude of a dream, and a lovely one; and he has a most Bunyan-like facility in naming his travelling companions or passers-by. 'Oldpaint' is a well-enamelled and wrinkled female gambler at the roulette table. 'Cockspur' is, classically speaking, a sort of Ulysses sailor, without wax in his ears, sailing with a syren—in plain English, a player who wins at *rouge et noir*, and keeps company with a doubtful character notable for her frizzled hair, whose hatband bore the words, hastily read, 'maker, Cockspur St., London.' 'North Adams' is a green youth from the interior and occidental end of the Bay State, who masqueraded under English tailor's clothes, yet was rescued from the gambling mania by an inward twinge of a conscience trained among the Berkshire Hills. 'Manayunk' is another label for a well-described character from the rural fringes of Philadelphia. 'Excelsior' is one more happy hit at an Alpine climber. Our author is a thorough American, and uses most gracefully 'the American language'—admired of Britons reared on the solemnities of *Punch*. He sees things, too, at quite a different angle from that sacredly drawn and fixed by Englishmen, and through glasses differently colored. Russia is actually a delightful land, and the insular prejudices

which color even our daily telegrams that come *via* London, are ruthlessly ignored.

Starting from Paris, Nice, Monte Carlo, Genoa and Rome are visited; and a pleasant chat about King Humbert and his Queen Margherita make us feel almost acquainted with them. Pompeii is opened to our gaze, the relations between the blue-gum or eucalyptus tree and malaria are stated, the condition of the graves of Shelley and Keats noted, and pretty much every spot which the cultured wish to know about visited and charmingly reported on. Then through Switzerland we come to Berlin, and learn just what we wanted to find out about the disposition of the French trophies. By the mimic cannonade of hostile novels, with such names in French as 'Avant la Bataille' and 'Pas Encore,' with spirited replies in German, a paper war is kept up, while France is a camp and Prussia a drill-ground. The 'goose-step' swing of human legs in uniform, and the *pickelhaube* on the heads of men constantly manœuvring under arms, is the offset to the warlike readiness of France. Eight delightful chapters, with much that is refreshingly new, are devoted to Russia. Then we are led into Sweden and Norway, and diverted with chats on art, archæology, and all that pleases those who believe, with Sam Ward, that we can get along without the necessities, but not without the luxuries, of life. The author continually leads us into odd and out-of-the-way places. 'A Study of Wind-Mills' is a good case in point. Of the thirty-four chapters, we enjoyed most that on 'Diamond Cutting at Amsterdam.' Binding and printing are all that could be desired, and what is unusual, the Preface is well worth reading. Perhaps in England, however, its statements might be deemed incendiary.

"The High Caste Hindu Woman."*

THIS book is very interesting, especially to philanthropists and to students of religious and social phenomena. Few people in this country have any accurate knowledge of the life of Hindu women, or of the iron chains of religion and custom that keep them in mental and moral slavery; and this work, written by one of their own number, will be to most Americans a revelation. The Hindu woman is required by religious law to marry before the age of twelve, and the marriage is often contracted still earlier, the girl's parents choosing her husband for her. As soon as she is married, the young bride takes up her abode in the family of her father-in-law, where she remains until her husband is old enough to become the head of a family himself. She is treated at first rather as a servant than as one of the family, and is often subjected to great indignities until she becomes a mother. The Hindu mother, however, provided she has borne a son, is a person of consequence and almost a queen in her own house. If, however, the Hindu woman has the misfortune to become a widow, especially if she has no children, she loses almost everything that makes life dear. She is forbidden by religious law to marry again, and she is an object of aversion and abuse to all who know her. Widowhood is regarded as the punishment of some horrible crime committed by the woman in some former state of existence; while the widow herself is often charged by her superstitious neighbors with being the cause of evils to them. The author of this book does not overlook the fact that the Hindu woman has many sources of happiness, notwithstanding the ill-treatment she receives; but the picture she draws of the real life and character of her countrywomen is dark indeed. 'Closely confined to the four walls of their house, deprived throughout their lives of the opportunity to breathe healthy fresh air, . . . they become weaker and weaker from generation to generation, their physical statures dwarfed, their spirits crushed under the weight of social prejudices and superstitions, and their minds starved from absolute lack of literary food and of opportunity to observe the

* Roundabout to Moscow: An Epicurean Journey. By John Bell Bouton. \$1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

* The High Caste Hindu Woman. By Pundita Ramabai Sarasvati. With introduction by Rachel L. Bodley, Dean of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: Published by the Author.

world.' The Pundita Ramabai herself is one of the unfortunate widows of whom she speaks; but, unlike most of them, she was provided with a good education by her enlightened father. Since the death of her husband she has made it the object of her life to advance the education and improve the lot of her countrywomen; and it is for this purpose that she is now visiting the western world. Her special object is to provide native women teachers for India, and the need of them is shown by the fact which she states, that out of very nearly one hundred million Indian women directly subject to British rule, only two hundred thousand are able to read. She has been translating some American text-books for use in the normal schools that she designs to establish in India; but she cannot go on with her work without some funds to assist in founding the schools. Such an enterprise as hers might very well, we should think, enlist the sympathies and secure the aid of the wealthy women of the United States, to whom the Pundita appeals.

The Silent Partner in American Colonization.*

AS ONE looks upon the nearly 250 octavo pages devoted to a Hollander whose name is known only to antiquaries, he is half tempted to cry out, *Cui bono?* There's no money in it, surely, though there must be much lore. Prolonged research continued through dusty yesterdays among time-stained documents, and backed by minute, almost microscopic, scholarship, has been devoted to the biography of one whose grave and date of death are unknown. Yet Michelet somewhere says that it is the true office of history to make the unknown known, and to write up the neglected. We regret that we are not verbally inspired to quote the great Frenchman exactly, but Mr. Jameson has acted in the spirit of his saying. He thinks it one of the wrongs of time that some insignificant voyage-maker has immortalized himself by hanging his name on a promontory, while the great projectors of colonies are unheard of. Usselinx was the founder of both the Dutch and the Swedish West India companies. His name ought to be as well-known in New York and Delaware as Hudson's or De la Ware's. Had some humorist like Irving, who laughed even the trumpeter Van Corlear into undying fame, turned him to ridicule, the notoriety at least of the great founder of colonies would have been secure. Mr. Jameson snatches a fearful joy, during the progress of his work, in dissecting the statements of all writers who have touched on his subject. His skewers lie thick upon certain delvers in that portion of the lore of Holland which relates to New York. Though probably not too severe, he compels us to dilute our gratitude to them with sympathy for their errors. His exposure (page 71) of Dr. O'Callaghan's mis-translation is, however, a real gain to history, for he vindicates the unfortunate and much-abused West India company from the charge of breach of charter. Usselinx was born in Antwerp in 1567, and besides being an active business man and colonial projector, was the De Lesseps of his time. Under his energetic management, large portions of Holland were drained and restored to fertility. He travelled over Europe in furtherance of his schemes, but never seems to have been personally successful in winning fame or money. He had much to do in making that Greater Holland which, even to-day, after all the mutations of history, and despite Great Britain's overshadowing prestige, is remarkable. Others reaped where he sowed. Of Mr. Jameson's work, we have only the highest praise. Preface, table-of-contents, text, copious foot-notes, bibliography, index—all are so excellent as to make a superb literary memorial of a man who well deserved this monument of scholarship. This last, we consider, stands among the very first of the monographs of the American Historical Association, which reflect so much credit on American letters.

* William Usselinx, Founder of the Dutch and Swedish West India Companies. By J. Franklin Jameson, Ph.D., Johns Hopkins University. \$1. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Future Retribution.*

THE Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral is well known as the author of several useful books in defence of Christianity. The field of dogmatic theology, which he has generally entered incidentally, for an apologetic purpose, he now steps upon more formally. The new book plainly owes its conception to a painful pressure on his own heart. He has the feeling that the commonly received 'orthodox' doctrine of endless punishment cannot be true. He exposes the weakness of some familiar arguments in support of it. He thinks he finds that the Scriptures do not teach it. While his positive conclusions are not altogether sharp and clear, he reaches substantially these results, at the close of an examination of New Testament passages which occupies the larger part of the book:—Restorationism is un-Scriptural; annihilation seems taught as the doom of the irrevocably wicked; the number of these will probably be diminished by an opportunity of repentance after death. The second of the two positive propositions is in discussion among ourselves, and, if cautiously stated, is less important than many think it. The main conclusion is the former.

With the right or wrong of a theological doctrine THE CRITIC is not primarily concerned, but Mr. Row's book suggests one or two criticisms. In the first place, he does not fairly represent the 'orthodox' view, e.g., when he attributes to it the expectation of eternal wretchedness for the vast majority of men. The accredited teachers of that school affirm that the vast majority will be on the other side. This does not remove the awfulness of the subject, but Mr. Row insists so strongly on his statement that the fact should be noticed. In the next place, subjective prepossession—and Mr. Row's is very strong—is a foe of honest interpretation. In fact, one familiar with these matters cannot fail to see that pre-judgment affects his exegesis. He conceals the fact from himself, but he is none the less a special pleader. In his exegetical argument he is overborne by the overwhelming number of sound expositors. These expositors may, of course, be all mistaken, but they will never be proved so by one who starts with the conviction that mistaken they must be. Mr. Row has made an earnest, skilful and interesting book; but clear-headed scholars who adopt his opinions will be obliged to defend them on non-Scriptural grounds.

"Creation or Evolution."†

IT is always interesting to see how a specialist's work strikes an active-minded non-specialist, and especially when the processes involved are common to all minds, and the specialization consists in applying these processes to some particular set of phenomena. In Mr. Curtis's 'philosophical inquiry,' we have the argument of evolutionists tested by a trained lawyer. The result is instructive in several respects. For one thing, it sets in glaring light the inadequacy of the proof of the development of species from species, and particularly of man from a lower animal. For another, it exposes weaknesses in the pleas for evolution, especially as presented by Herbert Spencer; and, indeed, the author exhibits small respect for that philosopher, except by the length of his refutation. For a third, it exhibits something of the lack of discrimination which has too often appeared in the remarks of theologians on the subject, though the author deprecates any theological bias. That is to say, he denies and disproves the claim that evolution accounts for everything, without sufficiently considering whether it may not, without damage to any precious inheritance of mankind, be held to account for much. He had in view the extreme form of the theory, especially as related to mind and morals, and on this it is a searching and effective criticism.

* Future Retribution Viewed in the Light of Reason and Revelation. By C. A. Row. \$2.50. New York: Thomas Whitaker.

† Creation or Evolution? A Philosophical Inquiry. By George Ticknor Curtis. \$2.00. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Recent Minor Verse.

THE fair parchment paper dress given to Minna Caroline Smith's 'In Fruitful Lands, and Other Poems' (Cupples, Upham & Co.), and its general choice appearance, without and within, would seem to make it worthy of the title of the last poem in the collection, 'A Wedding Gift,' which, indeed, is the longest and most notable of all, and tells of patient waiting and blissful recompense. The other pieces breathe a spirit of hope, thankfulness, assertion and aspiration, expressing some of the heart's tenderest sentiments. These are scarcely the author's first efforts, for she touches the lyre with no trembling hand.

'Consolation and Other Poems,' by Abraham Perry Miller (Brentano Brothers), is an unpretentious volume of 122 pages, containing some 60 pieces, of which all but the first four are short, and classified as poems 'in the religious vein,' of 'the war period,' and 'miscellaneous.' The title-poem is a consolatory epistle to a 'splendid friend,' a fellow-poet, whose lady-love has scorned him because of his verse-making proclivities. 'The Ghost' is an imitation of Poe's 'Raven.' The Chicago fire is treated in 'The New Annus Mirabilis,' while the two hundredth anniversary of the discovery of St. Anthony's Falls is commemorated in an ode entitled 'Minnesota.' Apart from an occasional infelicity of expression, Mr. Miller's verses are commendable for their earnestness of tone, and their successful portrayal of nature's moods.

'Needles of Pine,' by Charles Wellington Stone (Cupples, Upham & Co.), is an admirable and most attractive book in all points save one. It is a neat little quarto, with full gilt edges, broad-margined pages, and beautiful typography. Everything about it is pleasing except the contents, which are commonplace. 'My verse may halt, but prose shall never do,' exclaims the author. What else he has here but the most prosaic prose, it would take a microscope to discover. 'As for rhyming,' says he, 'very likely I could not if I would; very surely I would not if I could.' What his readers are thus spared by Mr. Stone's praiseworthy consideration may be imagined. His verses are descriptive and narrative, with much about pine-trees, mountains, and memories of the War. In the metrical arrangement of the lines, they remind one of Southey, but the resemblance extends no further.

Whatever value may lie in the little pamphlet of verses called 'Old Newbury and the Pioneers' for the 'few friends' for whom it is said to be printed, it would probably have been quite as useful in prose as in verse. Rhythm and rhyme do not make the whole of poetry, but they are an important part of it, and faults in either detract seriously from whatever merit might be found in the subject of the verse. We do not like 'endear it' as a rhyme for 'spirit.' We were rather interested in the fate of a man named Lovel, whose name conveniently, but not accurately, rhymed with his 'hovel' a line or two off, and who, though his cabin was dark, had a wife 'red-haired, and full of life,' for we had been ignorant of the value of red hair as an illuminator; but the interest was not keen enough to survive the shock of distressed rhyme and distorted rhythm.

'Poems of the Prairies,' by Ellen P. Allerton (New York: John B. Alden), like most other collections of verse, contains rhymes of very varying value. The first and longest effort, for instance, called 'Annabel,' recounts with not ungraceful rhythm and not unpleasant rhymes a story for which, nevertheless, there was not the slightest excuse for narration in verse. For minor poetry, however, many of the other poems are graceful and pleasing, though few of them belong typically to the prairie.—The religious poems of Mary Bradley, prettily illustrated, are issued by Roberts Brothers under the title of 'Hidden Sweetness.' They are cheerful, comforting little verses, whose sweetness is not hidden after all.—'The Varsity Book' is a pretty little pamphlet which comes from The Varsity Publishing Co., of Toronto. It contains brief extracts from Canadian prose and poetry, some of which are very dainty and graceful. 'Jack's Rivals' is one of the best.

Minor Notices.

A SECOND posthumously-published volume of articles by Edwin P. Whipple has been handsomely issued under the title of 'American Literature and Other Papers' (Ticknor), Mr. Whittier contributing a laudatory and affectionate preface. The 138-page review of our national literature consists, of course, of the condensed critical summary which Mr. Whipple printed in *Harper's Magazine* at the time of the Centennial (1876). Appended are papers on Emerson's poetry, the Emerson-Carlyle correspondence, Starr King (an intimate friend of Whipple's), and 'Daniel Webster as a Master of English Style,' the last being already familiar as the introduction to a compact Boston edition of Webster's best speeches. Re-reading the various parts of this book, we have been confirmed in the impression that Mr. Whipple's critical writing, though often bright and suggestive, will prove to have no lasting value. He has

been a most useful instructor and expounder in the formative period of American thought; but neither in subject nor in style does he deserve Mr. Whittier's praise as 'the ablest critical essayist of his time,' save Lowell and Arnold. The occurrence to the mind of Mr. Stedman's name is in itself enough to set aside such easy eulogy. Mr. Whipple is at his best as a biographical or topical essayist, and not as a critic. Such books as 'Character and Characteristic Men' and 'Success and its Conditions' are distinctly more valuable than his collections of review-articles; just as, of his two posthumously-published books, the 'Recollections of Eminent Men' is to be prized more highly than this amiable catalogue of American authors.

WE HAVE not been over-hasty in reviewing the first volume of the indefatigable Mr. Justin McCarthy's 'History of the Four Georges' (Harper); but though two years have elapsed since its appearance, it has thus far had no successor from its author's hand. The first George is depicted in these bright, readable, picturesque, and not untrustworthy pages, which promise a chronicle that shall be something more, as well as something less, than Thackeray's famous book. Mr. McCarthy is at his best in his pen-pictures of old London, which may fairly be called brilliant. He is a weaker scholar in Macaulay's school than is Mr. Churton Collins, whose style he frequently suggests; but, like Mr. Collins, he seems to suggest to us, at least occasionally, how Macaulay would have written of Anne and the Georges, had he continued his voluminous record.—A NEW 'History of England for Beginners' (Macmillan), well-printed, prettily-bound, equipped with good maps, and cheaply sold, has been written by Arabella B. Buckley (Mrs. Fisher), whose 'Fairy-Land of Science' has been reissued in America. Mrs. Fisher's pages have been revised by Dr. R. H. Labberton, whose historical atlases have proved so useful. The author and her editor have given us a record commendable for compactness and accuracy, but not for historical insight or literary ability.

MAJOR ALEXANDER EWING, the translator of Richter's 'Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces,' is performing the welcome service of translating for Bohn's Standard Library a complete collection of E. T. W. Hoffmann's Tales. Hitherto these wonderful stories have appeared in English only in mutilated form, or diluted through a French translation retranslated into English. We reviewed, some time ago, a very choice selection from Hoffmann, in two volumes, called 'Weird Tales.' This was accompanied by a biographical memoir and was translated by J. T. Bealby. The present volume (Scribner & Welford), the first of a series, is the first attempt to present these unique inventions complete under the original title, 'The Serapion Brethren.' The tales as we have hitherto had them have been excerpted—one might say exhumed—from a mass of dialogue and disquisition in which Hoffmann, for dramatic reasons, had enveloped them. Major Ewing's translation preserves this envelope, and gives us tale, dialogue and disquisition just as the artist-author conceived and intended them. This volume is divided into four 'Sections,' filled with marvels and eery flights of a marvellous and most eery imagination. If one can conceive of a trinity consisting of Blake, Fuseli and Liszt, it will not be hard to conceive of this peculiar genius, with his triple gifts as artist, composer and storyteller.

SAID Dr. Holmes of Mr. Beecher's wonderful labors in behalf of the North during his trip to England at the time of the War:—'After a few months' absence, Mr. Beecher returned to America, having finished a more remarkable embassy than any envoy who has represented us in Europe since Franklin pleaded the cause of the young Republic at the Court of Versailles. He kissed no royal hand, he talked with no courtly diplomatists, he was the guest of no titled legislator, he had no official existence. But, through the heart of the people, he reached nobles, ministers, courtiers, the throne itself.' It is well that this service should never be forgotten, and to keep it in deserved remembrance Frank F. Lovell & Co. issue in a book by itself the Speeches on the American Rebellion delivered by Mr. Beecher in Great Britain in 1863. To the gift of knowing the right thing to say, was added the courage to say it under circumstances that might well have made the orator hesitate about saying anything. So our interest in what was said must be deepened by our admiration for the saying of it; and to appreciate the power of the spoken word, we must remember the immense personal magnetism of the speaker. Nevertheless it is good for us to know exactly what the words were, and this volume will be one of the most valuable in the rapidly increasing Beecher library.

'THE INQUISITION' is the title of a pamphlet, by the Rev. L. R. Dunn, D.D., reprinted from *The Methodist Review* of July 1886.

Besides glancing at the history of this form of church discipline, and explaining its workings and purpose by argument and illustrations, Dr. Dunn insists that 'there is not a Roman Catholic bishop or priest in this or any other land, who is ready to denounce it; but all would apparently only be too willing to see its bloody work renewed even among us.' 'Monseigneur Capel, the smooth-tongued Jesuit, has dared to defend and recommend it.' However true or false Dr. Dunn's statements and arguments are, all sorts of Christians, and people more or less agnostic, are waiting to see how the institution will deal with the New York boy, man and priest, Dr. McGlynn. For ourselves, we think the powerful digestive apparatus of the press and public schools can swallow, and transform into good blood for the American body politic, even the ecclesiastical discipline of the Roman form of the Christian faith. Some people do not seem to know that what was possible before the days of printing and common schools is next to impossible now. Nevertheless, the pamphlet belongs, by right of ability displayed in its composition, to the literature of the subject. In certain phases, the subject may become a 'live issue' before the mighty problems of our day are settled.

Recent Fiction.

'TOLD AT TUXEDO,' by A. M. Emory (Putnam), if one eliminates the unnecessary Tuxedo and the sentimental and foolish story called 'In Solitude,' is a small collection of quite skilfully told little tales. Why these should not be bound together frankly as a collection of short stories, without the Tuxedo element as a link, we cannot conceive. If the link were missing, the stories would seem better; for the element in question, though it gives scope for some rather pretty writing, is too full of elegance and adjectives to be a valuable addition in point of art. We look with interest for the first story-teller willing to say frankly of his own short stories that they were 'Told at the Publisher's,' and nowhere else. As Tuxedo does not contribute anything whatever to the stories, except a place to tell them in, the title seems a mere dodge to attract attention to the book; whereas the story of 'The Doctor's Rival' is of itself enough to give the tiny volume an *déclat* of its own. The only thing which seems to excuse the introduction of Tuxedo is that the little stories really do seem as if told by different people. It is almost impossible to realize that 'The Doctor's Rival' could have been conceived and penned by the same person who wrote the highly romantic, sensational and absurd 'In Solitude.' The former story is a most clever conceit, admirably worked out. Its great charm is in its originality, but it is told with a spirit and 'local color' that make it a quite inimitable little study of a novel situation.

'THE CÆRULEANS,' by H. S. Cunningham (Macmillan), is not a fortunate title: it suggests a take-off of some kind, whereas the book is a sober, careful, and interesting sketch of English life in India. The characters are wrought with cunning appreciation, and the story not infrequently reminds one of some of the very highest models. There is even a touch not unlike George Eliot in the care given to Camille's courtship and the troubles of her marriage. So much in the book, indeed, is unusually good, that it is a blow to find it all ends in nought; or, in other words, that the author has suggested a psychological problem with much skill, only to find relief from solving it by letting the inconvenient husband come to a sudden death by precipice. This is very poor art indeed, and quite unworthy of the author who drew character so well and made so attractive the study of father and son, and lover and lady-love. 'THE CHANCELLOR'S SECRET' is a striking story of the Twelfth Century, by C. F. Meyer, admirably translated by Mary J. Taber, and attractively issued by James M. Lawton, Jr., of New Bedford. It is short, but it is a strong, vivid and original rendering of the picturesque and historical subject of Thomas à Becket.

THE SIGHT of two more little books by Mrs. Ewing is gratifying indeed; but 'The Peace Egg' and 'Dandelion Clocks,' illustrated by Gordon Browne and other artists (E. & J. B. Young & Co.), are inferior to the lovely work already associated with the author's name. Mrs. Ewing's stories about children, charming as they are, never seemed exactly suited for children to read. It is hard, for instance, to interest a young child in the story of 'Jackanapes,' such a favorite with the elders. But they have been most dainty and beautiful work for older readers, and it is a disappointment to find the two new ones slight in workmanship, and of comparatively little interest. 'THE INDEFATIGABLE' George Sand is said to have left behind her a great number of stories, studies and legends, which have never been published in French, but have been translated for different newspaper syndicates of this country and Great Britain. The John W. Lovell Co. publish in Lovell's Library some of these manuscripts, translated by Lew Vanderpoole, with the title of 'The Lilies of Florence.' It is rather amusing to find these

stories and legends dedicated to Mr. Howells. Anything more unlike what Mr. Howells approves of could hardly be imagined; and in spite of the translator's assurance that the stories in the syndicates have been received with enthusiasm, we cannot find much to admire in this very sensational literature.

'A CHOICE OF CHANCE,' by William Dodson (Franklin Square Library) is an uncommonly good story for one of the average kind. The plot turns on the hackneyed incident of an adopted child, brought up in luxury, discovering herself to be the daughter of extremely common people. Before, however, this problem comes to an end, an entirely original twist is given to the situation which makes it at once novel and absorbing. The story is ably and beautifully told. The conversations are really worth reading, and the insight into lofty, mean, or peculiar character is singularly clear and interesting. We fail to catch the proper interpretation of the title; but whatever it is supposed to refer to in the story, we can certainly say that a novel which might be facetiously called 'Dodson's Choice' is very pleasant reading.

MISS MARY E. WILKINS has for some time been contributing short stories to the various publications of the Harpers, who now issue them in book form with the title of the opening sketch, 'A Humble Romance.' They are tales of simple New England life, told with a good deal of originality and cleverness. As a rule they are realistic, though the story about the man who always felt compelled to sit down on the church steps is certainly overstrained in the direction of simplicity. 'WALLINGFORD' (Lippincott) is a story of very old-fashioned type. It is hard to believe that it has not just been unearthed from a long-buried bureau-drawer. There is a fashion in books as in everything else, and the present taste is not for melodramatic and overstrained sentiment such as this; while much of what the author seems to intend for humor is coarse and tedious. 'A LOST REPUTATION' (Franklin Square Library) is a touching and interesting story of a young fellow crushed by the false accusation of having cheated at cards. It is a strong realistic point in favor of the novel, that the mystery is never cleared up; and the young man is justified only by his ability, through bitter suffering and humiliation, to live the story down.

The History of English Literature.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

In your issue of June 11 you review Henry Morley's 'English Writers: An Attempt towards a History of English Literature,' and as it seems to me, most judiciously insist on the 'inevitable failure,' which must attend 'so ambitious an enterprise,' owing to the 'impossibility of grasping firmly the outlines of so vast a subject.' Is there not a double mistake in the whole conception of what is popularly considered a History of English Literature? First of all, the limitation which most writers put upon themselves is to restrict their field to the indigenous literary products of Great Britain. However well such a limitation may answer for political, it will not do for literary, history. It is neither historically nor ethnically a correct scheme, for it includes the consideration of influences which have had very little to do with either making the English brain fertile or furnishing it with an instrument of expression; and it omits some of the most potent influences in creating a national literature. If we are to study Celtic literature because Gildas and Nennius were Britons, we ought also to explore Early Church Latin because they employed that tongue. If we do so because the Arthurian cycle is of Cymric origin, we ought also to take up the Romance languages, because the Provençal poets colored all the writings of the Plantagenet period. The truth is that the Saxon speech is chiefly grammatically related to us, while the Renaissance made the classical Greek intellectually much nearer to us.

I can only indicate the thought in mind in the space I dare ask for. It is that an insular restriction of the field involves a chronological extension of it, and that such limitations traverse philosophical and genetic requirements. Even if a writer could command by research 'so huge and sinuous a line,' he would be driven to fragmentary excursions into philology, antiquarian bibliography, and ethnology, which would overload his book with an erudition having but little connection with literature. Such strides are no doubt of high value, and the historian has need of the incidental light to be gained from them; but they are not history in any proper sense of the term. It is necessary for him, using Carlylean phrase, to quit the Dryasdust stage of research and become an artist, who will show us the growth, the life-movement, of thought. What the student craves of his guide in literature is, not that he will restore the *detritus* of defunct speech to its ancient beds, but that he will reveal how the pulses of the age beat in the hearts of old authors. This is what gives literature its interest and its edu-

educational value. Because our classical professors have so persistently taught dialects and recondite ethnology instead of literature, the study of the Greek in college has been steadily losing ground. If there be substituted for it Saxon and German, to receive the same treatment, they too will become dull instruments of education. All this erudite philology and antiquities is doubtless worth learning, but I insist that it is not literature.

There is room enough for a good History of English Literature. Taine, who seems to me to have conceived his method from Guizot's History of Civilization, is one of the most fruitful writers on the subject; but his faults need correction by the hand of some one born in the land. One of the chief merits of his work, aside from the picturesqueness of his style, is his analysis of the whole subject into great groups, each of which represents the most quickening influences of its age. One might hope to write up an epoch or two exhaustively and to edification, and in time all the epochs would be critically and satisfactorily covered; but to treat the whole conglomerate mass of centuries of insular literary products, embracing a half-dozen disconnected languages, is a hopeless task.

VINELAND, N. J.

D. O. KELLOGG.

The Lounger

AN ARTICLE over the signature of Kate Tannatt Woods, in *The Writer* for July, discusses the question of 'The Best Hours for Work.' I am pleased to see that it is neither controversial nor dogmatic. 'It would be quite impossible to make fixed rules for all pen-workers; we must contend at the outset with constitutional peculiarities, acquired taste, habit, and a pressure of circumstances.' The best hours for work are the hours when one can work best. These vary with different workers. Some can write best before breakfast; others between breakfast and lunch; Octave Feuillet, as he confessed in *THE CRITIC* only a week ago, prefers the afternoon hours for literary composition; one of the best known, *littérateurs* in America drinks a bottle of beer an hour after dinner, and then sits down at his library table to read and write by an artificial light; another—a woman—chooses the two quiet hours between 11 P.M. and 1 A.M. to burn the midnight oil. Miss Woods quotes the venerable Mr. Alcott's advice to a young friend: 'Don't write at night. You get the night into your work; let it be full of sunshine.' For herself, she has found that 'the early morning hours are not only conducive to good work, but also to good health.' And I think a majority of writers would find this to be true, if they would only try the experiment.

THESE must be proud days for Mr. Andrew Carnegie. Think of leaving your native country a penniless boy, and returning to lay the corner-stone of a \$250,000 library building you have just presented to its capital city! Mr. Carnegie's wedding journey has been a remarkable one, being filled with public receptions and including marked attentions from some of the greatest men of a great nation. The ceremonies at Edinburgh last week, taken in connection with the story of Mr. Carnegie's life, read like a fairy-tale. How badly, by the way, poor Mr. Blaine 'put his foot into it' on this occasion. To think of felicitating the good folks of Auld Reekie *apropos* of that honored son of Scotland, the Rev. Sydney Smith! The great wit would turn in his grave to hear it; and the Scots are sure to relish the compliment, remembering what Sydney said about surgical operations and Scotchmen's heads! Mr. Blaine ought to follow up his success by complimenting the Prussians on Voltaire, or the Italians on Howells. *Sic itur ad astra*—at 'Latter Lammass'!

IN THE following letter to a friend, a well-known literary worker—Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland—tells how his last summer's vacation was finished only in time to allow this year's outing to begin:—

What I mean by saying that my last summer has not as yet ended is this. On July 1, 1886, being an old Heidelberg student, I went to Heidelberg to see the Great Anniversary. There I had a fond and mystic time, as you may meditate. One day I met in the street a band of Hungarian Gypsies. I took them into a beer house. Their captain was Janos of Temesvar. He predicted that I was to go to Hungary and enjoy myself beyond all expectation. The next day I learned from London that the Congress of Oriental Scholars was to meet at Vienna. I had myself put down for a delegate to read a paper on the origin of the Gypsies. I had luck; my paper excited attention; the Archduke Josef had just finished a great work on the Gypsies. We had *fltes* and dinners and frolics. From Vienna I went to Buda-Pesth. I had not an acquaintance in the town, nor a letter to a soul. But Janos of Temesvar had prophesied a good time, and I had it. Before I had been there four days, the Archduke sent for me and gave me a two hours' private audience. The Hungarian and German papers made a great deal out of that audience. What I made out of it was a magnificent

book which the Duke sent me. Then all the scholars in town called on me, while I became intimate with all the gypsies about the place. Five months of my summer excursion were now over. Janos had done it creditably. I concluded to return by the way of Venice, but not to *hurry*. I didn't. I stayed in Venice three months. Then I concluded to make just one little detour, by the way of Florence—where I stayed another three months. Then, indeed, I thought it time to bring my summer trip to an end. So I went to Paris, and staid ten days—and now that I am here in London, I find that it is almost time to go to Cornwall, for sea-bathing and long walks and sketching. So you see how it is that my summer has lasted a year and isn't over yet.

BUT MR. LELAND is an industrious idler—as the remainder of the letter shows:—

What am I doing? *Eccomi!* I have just been made a Fellow of the Royal British Literary Association, and must read my inaugural lecture before them in a few days. It will be on Reforms in Education. I am an officer of the British Home Arts and Industries Association. Yesterday we had the first of our annual Exhibitions. The Duchess of Teck opened it with a speech, and Walter Besant and I were presented to her. I had a talk with Oscar Wilde. I like him and always did. I knew him when he was at Oxford. Anything else? Oh, yes; I am helping Whittaker with his great Slang Dictionary. I hope to get Mr. Gladstone to do the Parliamentary terms, and Mr. Irving for the dramatic, and so on. What is my department? Americanisms, Gypsy, and Pidgin English, and *Lussnektisch*, or German-Hebrew. I have written books in all of them. I have a book on 'Design for Decorative Art' ready, and am putting the final touches to a collection of 'Gypsy Legends of Many Lands'—Hungarian, Turkish, German, American and English. And I am always working on my *opus magnum*—a new system of education.

ONE OF THE most popular novelists of this country is a lady whose writings I will venture to say are unfamiliar to the readers of *THE CRITIC*. This lady is Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, now nearly seventy years of age. Mr. Bonner pays Mrs. Southworth \$10,000 a year for writing exclusively for the *Ledger*—as large a sum as the Harpers are said to pay Mr. Howells! And she is paid a royalty on the sale of her stories in book form, besides. Mrs. Southworth wrote her first novel, 'Retribution,' as a serial for *The National Era*, of Washington, in 1849. This, she claims, was the first serial story published in this country. The Harpers were her first publishers, and brought out 'Retribution' in book form.

I DON'T THINK I have read a novel by Mrs. Southworth since my early schooldays, but I have a very vivid impression of her style. A few hours before the formal opening of the Park Avenue Hotel as a Woman's Hotel, I was 'personally conducted' over the building by Judge Hilton. Knowing that I was connected with a newspaper, he assumed that the literary feature of the house would have a special interest for me; and I shall never forget the air of satisfaction with which he took me into the 'library,' and pointing to the black-walnut bookcases said, 'We have all of Mrs. Southworth's works here!' As who should say: 'We have had to make some concessions to literature; see with what liberality and taste we have done it!'

M. MEISSONIER writes to Judge Hilton that he has learned, from the Judge's 'esteemed son,' of the esteemed father's recent gift to the Metropolitan Museum. The gift, it will be remembered, included Meissonier's '1807' and Detaille's 'Battle of Champaign.' 'It is a royal gift,' says the painter of '1807,' 'and your city should be proud of claiming you as one of its citizens.' He is pleased to think that 'our paintings, thanks to your generosity, will form a nucleus of the collection in this Museum, that, no doubt, one day will be the pride of New York.' M. Meissonier is an *égotiste*, I fear—unless he really imagines the Metropolitan Museum to have been a wilderness of empty galleries, till the father of Judge Hilton's esteemed son sent '1807' there 'to form a nucleus of a collection.' It seems more probable, though, that he holds the merit of that famous painting to be so great, that the other treasures of the Museum are not to be named or thought of in connection with it. The tone of M. Detaille's letter is strikingly different. 'You were not able to confer on me a greater honor,' he writes, 'than you have given me in placing my painting permanently in a museum; and in joining me in your generous gift with my master, whom I love and venerate.'

The Magazines.

LITERATURE occupies a prominent place in the current number of the bi-monthly *New Princeton Review*, wherein Prof. T. W. Hunt writes of 'Literary Criticism' and Mr. Richard W. Gilder of 'Certain Tendencies in Current Literature.' Each of these writers is optimistic in his survey of contemporary tendencies. 'Ameri-

can letters are to become a substantial power in the land,' says Prof. Hunt. 'Literary progress is to rank among us as second to no other form of progress. The colleges of our future are to be as never before the homes of high taste. . . . From these multiplied seats of literary activity, as of scientific and philosophic, there will ever go forth an influence so potent and pervasive that the remotest frontiers of our national domain will feel it.' Mr. Gilder sees the evil that attends the good in the present realistic movement, but is not disheartened by it. 'Notwithstanding all that is sordid, petty, unclean and menacing in politics, in the press, in society strictly so-called, in the greater social world,' he exclaims, 'no matter what may threaten the literature of our age or country, let us be sure that the deepest and strongest tendencies are wholesome and true.' In 'The Vicissitudes of a Palace'—a review of the changes which Tennyson has made in 'The Palace of Art' since the poem's first appearance—Mr. J. H. Van Dyke gives reasons for his faith that 'art is to be emancipated and humanized, and thus to receive a new inspiration.' The other 'body articles' are Tolstol's 'Sevastopol in May,' translated by Miss Hapgood; 'American Art since the Centennial,' by S. G. W. Benjamin; 'The Theory of Prohibition,' by Sandford H. Cobb; 'Recollections of the Duc de Broglie,' by Mme. Blazé de Bury; and 'The Minister's Factotum,' a sketch by 'Craigquorn.' In the Department of Criticisms, Notes and Reviews, there is a paper on the 'Early American Magazines,' and one on the misuse of 'I and Me;' and various recent books are carefully reviewed.

The wide-open, serious and sincere eyes, large strong nose and humorous mouth of Edward Everett Hale look out from between a 'slouch' hat and a heavy beard in the well-engraved frontispiece of this month's *Book Buyer*. It is a speaking and artistic likeness; and accompanying it are a few paragraphs about the man himself, with a list of the original and elevating works which bear his name. The list is a long one; beginning with 'The Rosary,' published in 1848, when Mr. Hale was only twenty-six, and ending with his forthcoming *Life of Washington*, in which he purposes to give us a close view of the man, rather than of the statesman and military leader. —A useful list, to collectors and others, of the 'Portraits of Benjamin Franklin,' in the *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography* for July, gives the names of the artists and owners, as far as known, of twenty-four likenesses. Six of these are by Duplessis and eight unknown. The article is accompanied by brief notes as to the engravers of these pictures. This is the first endeavor we have seen to collect the portraits of Franklin, in one list, while there have been two large volumes on those of Washington, one on the oil pictures and the other on the engravings. The editor of the *Magazine* would gladly receive additions to this list.

Mr. Howells on Some Modern Novelists.

MR. W. D. HOWELLS who is rusticated at Lake George has been discovered by a *Tribune* reporter and duly interviewed. Before we strike into the heart of the interview, we are told that Mr. Howells occupies that long, low rambling cottage on the sunset side of the lake which was built by, and was for many years the home, of Judge Edmunds, whose fame as a spiritualist was quite as great as his fame as a jurist. When discovered, the novelist 'with his family about him' was seated upon the front piazza of his cottage, in a soft felt hat, a white flannel shirt, and a large easy pair of corduroy trousers. He looked the picture of good health. Evidently he had not shunned the sunlight, for his face was darkly tanned. After the customary salutation the process of interviewing began:

'Are you contemplating any new literary work, Mr. Howells?'

'Yes. I have just written the first pages of a new novel not yet announced. I began it, in fact, only the day before yesterday. It will be a purely American story, its chief events centred in a New England country town, though it will relate to both city and country life. I have not thought of a name for it yet, nor, though I have its plot pretty well sketched out in my mind, should I feel at liberty to detail it to you just now. The nature of my arrangements with the Harpers, who have contracted with me for all I write, is such that entire good faith requires me to leave with them the time and form of any extended announcement. We shall not leave Lake George before October, and by that time I hope to have the book in fairly good shape.'

'How do you work here?'

'There is my little office,' replied the novelist, pointing to a little one-storied wing of the house. 'Will you look at it?'

It is a pretty room, with a hard-wood floor and plenty of shelving, plentifully stored with books. A picture of Lincoln, after that lately reproduced in *The Century*, and pictures of Tolstol, Bjornson, Hawthorne, and others were on the walls. A large flat desk and several easy chairs completed the room's furniture.

'I write here for about four hours every morning after breakfast,' continued Mr. Howells. 'Yes, I become vastly interested in my work. It quite possesses me. Of course there are times when I feel myself

unable to think and when it really palls on me, but that is every man's experience in every kind of effort. . . . The real sentiment of today requires that the novelist shall portray a section of real life, that has in it a useful and animating purpose. All the good work of our time is being done on this theory.'

'Then you do not regard the work of the present English school of romancists as represented, we will say, by Haggard, as "good work."'

'I regard the writings of that school as nothing more than a counter-current. It is no real tendency of the times. Every great current has its counter eddies, and the fiction of the present day, which is pre-eminently realistic, has its spasm of romantic endeavor, just as in Scott's day, when the sentiment ran universally toward romance and extravagant fiction, there were ebullitions of realism. They amounted to little. They were entirely insignificant as showing the feeling of the age. They held to the century the same relation as is now held by the essays of English romancists.'

'In proof of this, just glance at the work which public sentiment has passed favorably upon in all intelligent countries. Russia has led in the new school, and holds the foremost place among the nations that have produced great modern novelists. England stands at the very bottom of the list. Hardy is a great, I may say, a very great novelist. His pictures of life are life itself. Mrs. Howells and I have heard under our windows in England the very thoughts, yes, the very accents, which he has attributed to his English peasantry. His truth and sincerity are admirable. And Black, too, so far as I have read him, is an able, skilful writer. But the Russian novelists lead the world. Indeed, I affirm that Tolstol occupies to all fiction the same relation that Shakespeare occupies to all drama. He has a very strong ethical side, and not only teaches it and portrays it, but lives it. He has given himself up to it. He believes that men should live precisely and literally as Christ lived, and abandoning literature, where he stood at the summit of fiction, he has adopted the daily life of a Russian peasant.'

I remarked that that seemed like simplicity itself, and received this retort:

'Isn't that because our civilization is so sophisticated? We read, and say we believe that Christ is God, but sometimes our actions imply that we scarcely think He meant what He said about the conduct of life.'

'Who do you think ranks next to Tolstol as a writer of fiction?'

'Tourgouneff.'

'Do you mean to say that the greatest writers of fiction the world has ever produced are both Russians?'

'Yes, I think I am prepared to say just that. The novels of these men are absolute truth. They are nature bared. They are greatest because their writers have the ability and the courage to paint humanity and its affairs just as they are. That I regard as the highest art.'

'Where, then, do you place Dickens?'

'Dickens was a man of his times, and it is only fair to him to view him in that light. The age just before his was extravagantly romantic. The work then done did not fully satisfy the rapidly growing practical thought of Dickens's time. One of the discoveries of his age was that while fiction sounded stilted and unreal when clad in the garb of poetry, yet there were things in life quite as romantic as any of the paintings of the poets. The Russians, and the realistic school they lead, not only dispute this, but urge that fiction does not need the adventitious aid of unreal imagination to give it permanent interest. They contend that the daily life of men and women with its thousand cares and hopes and ambitions and sorrows is of itself full of interest. If any one dared to show it as it really is, without the slightest gloss or draping, he would be giving out the most absorbing fiction.'

'How do you answer the charge that real life is commonplace?'

'By asserting that the very things that are not commonplace are those commonly called commonplace. All the rest has long since become hackneyed. In the preposterous what is there to invent? Nothing, except what is so preposterous as to be ludicrous.'

'I think my first ideas as to the rare beauties of natural simple fiction that dealt with the actual hopes and fears of men as they are universally shown, came from reading Bjornson's exquisite stories. In Scandinavian literature realism has attained a rare degree of perfection. Most of the modern Italian and modern Spanish novels are of the new school, and it cannot be denied that the best works in all the Continental tongues show the growth of this tendency.'

'Of course we all know the character of the modern French writers. Zola is a great writer. I may regret that he has concerned himself so much with the disagreeable and unhappy things of life, but I do not base my objection to him on that ground. Strange as it may seem, if I objected to him at all it would be that he was a romancist. He is natural and true, but he might better be more so. He has not quite escaped the influence of Balzac, who, with Dickens and Gogol, marked the inauguration of the realistic era by taking realities and placing them in romantic relations. As to Gogol, I should qualify this remark somewhat, for he came much closer to the high art of natural fiction than either Dickens or Balzac. To me the beautiful and inspiring things of life are much more worth writing about than the ugly things, to which the French have run. Perhaps the worst picture of what is false and bad in humanity that fiction affords is given in Maupassant. A true arrangement of the literatures in which realism has obtained the supremacy over romance would place the Russian first; the French, by virtue of Zola's strength, second; the Spanish next; the Norwegian fourth; the Italian fifth, and the English last.'

Lady Companions.

[The Spectator.]

THE mass of correspondence from Lady Companions, to which the *Daily News* has recently opened its columns, is far from exhilarating reading. There is a comic element in it, especially in the repeated complaint that it is so selfish of the men not to marry them, when they would so like to be married—as if men wanted to be ‘relieving officers’ to their wives as well as to their sons—but the general effect is pitiful in the extreme. What a mass of miserable women there must be in the middle class, which thinks itself so well-to-do! It is now some fifteen or sixteen years since the movement for enabling middle-class women to earn their own living first assumed a practical form, and as yet but little impression has been made upon the great body of their trouble. A number of girls who would have been badly educated are now educated well, at some cost to their feminineness perhaps, though not much, but with immense advantage to them in every other respect. A few women who would have remained untaught have become instructed, and the general standard of female culture has, in one class particularly—the wives and daughters of the professionals—been perceptibly raised. The women who are fortunate have in fact benefited decidedly by the ‘movement,’ and so have the abler women employed in the business of education. They are more highly considered, they are more kindly treated, they enjoy more liberty, a few prizes have been opened out to them, and their pay has been increased, though in this last respect the improvement is less than is popularly supposed. ‘Good’ salaries—that is, salaries out of which a competence can be saved for old age—are still seldom paid to women, while fortunes can only be made by those who possess capital, or exceptional power of organizing private schools. In addition, two or three fresh careers have been opened out to women, and there may be a few score of them in England who, in one way or another, are making, by work in different professions, an independence which formerly they would not have made; but for the majority, the old story still continues true. Hardly any one is so ill-off as the educated woman who has no money, and no positive right in a home. Unless she has special capacities, her increased liberty of doing remunerative work—which the movement really has secured to her—is of no advantage to her, for she can find no work to do. Some work men do better almost at the same price; some—for instance, clerk work in banks—is shut by custom; for some the usual middle-class woman is just not educated enough; and some she refuses from a motive which, though it may be pushed too far, has many justifications—namely, that dislike to lose caste from which men are most certainly not exempt. Middle-class men refuse work every day from a feeling of pride which in women is condemned as ‘too ridiculous;’ in particular they will not, under any pressure, become domestic servants. It is evident from every line of these letters, with all their sillinesses, and bitternesses, and strange revelations of unconscious incapacity, that there are thousands of middle-class women in London who are almost in despair for money, who rush in hundreds for any vacancy, who inundate advertisers with letters till honest selection is rendered almost physically impossible, and who, if only they may keep their caste and not do manual labor—for which, poor things, half of them are physically incapacitated—will take any wages and accept any kind of situation. There are literally hundreds of applications for ‘companionships’ on 20*l.* a year, 14*l.* is a common salary, and there are scores of letters received when the advertiser offers nothing but a ‘Christian home.’ The women who make up these crowds have not benefited by the educational movement at all, or, rather, it has injured them. As one writer complains, no uncertificated teacher has now a fair chance; while, as she forgets to mention, there are ten women who think they are educated, and partially are so, for three who competed with each other before. Nor, we fear, has the ‘movement’ much improved the standard of general capacity. The women revealed in these letters have not acquired from it any more fitness for the rough-and-tumble of life. They are no doubt exceptionally unfit, for the letters come from those who complain; but it is disheartening to see how little effect ‘woman’s progress’ has had in hardening them in a good way. They are, in reality, only fit to be supported by their friends. None of them complain of any positive injustice or wrong from their employers, except a degree of confinement which is, we fear, a genuine oppression still remaining in most households; yet they all repine, and all for the same cause, which is, if they would put it in plain words, want of affection from their employers. They seem never to have learned the lesson men learn so soon—that people are esteemed for service, but liked for things with which service has nothing to do; and that affectionate consideration is not, in this work-a-day-world, to be given as per contract in aid of wages. They never seem to think that they have only to be indispensable to be well-treated, or that

the female manager of a hotel or a shop would be scolded quite as sharply as they are, if anything went wrong. We shall not mock at suffering women for being too sensitive to ‘slights,’ or for regarding reproofs as insults; but such sensitiveness, even if natural or commendable, is evidence of incapacity for work. Endurance in moderation is part of the contract, and must be given like any other service. They ‘try’ their employers, we may be sure, quite as often as they are tried. There is no nuisance so insupportable to a woman as a ‘companion’ who is unsuitable, except, indeed, a husband cursed with the same drawback; and both employer and companion are only fortunate in that they can go apart. The whole complaint is unreasonable; but it is a proof not of women’s innate and incurable unreasonableness, but of their lack of effective discipline for the hard work of life.

We cannot but doubt, in reading these letters, whether the best friends of women might not direct their energies profitably in a somewhat different direction. Education is good, and liberty to work is good, and the right to vote may possibly be good, though we do not think so; but pecuniary independence would, for the majority of such women as write these letters, be better than them all. A change of opinion among men on this subject would relieve or prevent more suffering than any opening of the professions. Men in England are too careless of the pecuniary future of their daughters. They will keep up insurances for their wives, and they will part with considerable sums to ‘put out’ their sons; but they will not make persistent and painful efforts to secure their daughters’ independence. On the Continent, men will. A custom much more sacred to most Continentals than any dogma of the Churches, compels every man with any pretensions to decency to save for his daughter’s *dol*, sometimes even for a sister’s or niece’s; and he invariably does it—or at least as invariably as an English father provides decent food and raiment while he is alive. The sacrifices undergone by French, German, and Italian fathers for this end are untold, and furnish the key to much of the more sordid side of life upon the Continent. Mr. Hamerton, in his charming description of rural French life, tells a suggestive story on the subject illustrating that meanness of the French *bourgeoisie* which we English so despise:

One of my *bourgeois* friends talked to me very frankly on this subject, and said what is worth repeating, and what is not to be denied. ‘All my life,’ he said, ‘I have had the reputation of being exceedingly avaricious, because I have been careful about money, and have never been willing to let my substance be squandered by idle people for their amusement. Now, please consider how far I have deserved this reputation for avarice. I have saved money, it is true; but it has always been for others, not for my own pleasures. You know how simply I dress and live, and how few indulgences I give myself.’ Here let me observe that the argument may be fairly considered weak, for the most avaricious people dress and live the most simply. But when my friend asserted that he had saved for others, it was most true. He had been in his own person a sort of general insurance company for the benefit of all his relations, and of his wife’s relations too. He began life with nothing; when he had made money, one of the first things he did was to present a snug little property to his father, which gave him a retreat for his old age, and the means of passing it comfortably. My friend’s wife, with his hearty approval, made handsome yearly allowances to her poor relations. He did the same to other relations besides his father. He had two daughters, one of whom married a barrister. A very short time after their marriage the barrister was stricken down by paralysis, and so prevented from pursuing his profession. On this the ‘miserly’ father-in-law stepped in, and made him an allowance of 400*l.* a year, that the misfortune might be less severe. Besides these aids to relations he had often assisted friends; ‘but,’ he said, ‘I will not lend money to be spent in luxuries. I did so, foolishly, once or twice when I was young, and found it only encouraged idleness, so I shut my purse to genteel applicants who are anxious to keep up their gentility. If I had not been what is called a miser, I should have been unable to help my poor relations in their need.’ All this was true; the ‘miserly’ man had, in fact, been little else than a beautiful contrivance of Providence for distributing wealth wisely to those who needed it, and the more he gave the more he prospered, yet the private household expenses of himself and his wife are still fixed at 360*l.* a year, and this includes 60*l.* for a little tour.

To make such sacrifices for a daughter’s dowry is contrary to our manners, and not altogether expedient; but it would be well worth while to do it for a daughter’s independence, and it might not be difficult to make it one of the social duties. Opinion is not slow to grow, when the practice inculcated is visibly just; and though death cuts all obligations, not one man in a thousand is careless about contempt which will be poured on him after death. Wills always agree more or less with popular sentiment; and if it were considered infamous to leave a daughter penniless to the mercy of the world, we should very soon find that an unthought-of thrift had become possible, and that, as in France, ‘my daughter’s portion’ would be precisely the fund which not even pecuniary pressure would induce the father to break in upon. Englishmen have already given

women rights to their own in pecuniary matters almost as full as law can convey, and considering how impossible that reform once seemed, we cannot believe that this one is hopelessly out of the question. The educated woman wants a great many things in our day, and some things, perhaps, which are not good for her; but the thing she wants most—at least, if we may judge from these letters, which any woman of experience could multiply by the hundred—is to have a hundred a year of her own which she cannot fool away. Without that, she enters the battle of life unarmored, and at a disadvantage for which neither education, nor liberty, nor the vote will be the smallest compensation.

Current Criticism

OFFICIAL VANDALISM IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—We shall not know how much harm has been done to Westminster Abbey in preparing it for the royal thanksgiving service until the scaffolds have been removed. More care, it is believed, has been taken than on some previous occasions, but one wanton piece of mischief has certainly been committed. We shall scarcely be believed when we say that the Coronation Chair, perhaps to most Englishmen the most precious of all the precious relics in the Abbey, was handed over to some barbarian to be smartened up, and he has daubed it the orthodox Wardour Street brown, and varnished it! Yet this is true. The chair, made 600 years ago to contain the stone which even then had a long story behind it, has suffered much from hard usage and from the hands of the mischievous. But not even in the perilous time when George IV. was crowned was it attempted to take away the chair's age and make a new thing of it. Now, when we pride ourselves on knowing more about old art work than our fathers did, this has been done, and the throne of twenty-six monarchs has been vulgarized into the semblance of a hall chair of a Cockney Gothic villa.—*The Athenæum*.

TOLSTOI'S GREATEST WORK.—Incomparably his greatest book, however, is 'War and Peace.' It has been called the Russian epic; and in the vastness of its scope as in the completeness of its performance it is not unworthy the name. It is the story of the great conflict between Koutousoff and Russia and Napoleon and France; it begins some years before Austerlitz, and it ends when Borodino and Moscow are already ancient history. The canvas is immense; the crowd of figures and the world of incidents it is made to contain are almost bewildering. It is not a complete success. In many places the mystic has got the better of the artist:—he is responsible for theories of the art of war which, advanced with the greatest confidence, are set aside and disproved by the simple recital of events; and he has made a study of Napoleon in which, for the first and only time in all his works, Count Tolstoi appears, not as a judge, but as an unjust and intemperate advocate. But when all is said in blame that can be said, so much remains to praise that one scarce knows where to begin. Count Tolstoi's theory of war is mystic and untenable, no doubt; but his pictures of warfare are incomparable. None has felt and reproduced as he has done what may be called the intimacy of battle—the feelings of the individual soldier, the passion and excitement, the terror and the fury, which, taken collectively, make up the influence which represents the advance or retreat of an army in combat. But, also, in a far greater degree, none has dealt so wonderfully with the vaster incidents, the more tremendous issues.—*Saturday Review*.

LESLIE STEPHEN'S FAVORITE BOOK.—I had the good fortune, when a boy, to read what is to me, I will confess, the most purely delightful of all books—I mean Boswell's 'Life of Johnson.' I read it from cover to cover, backwards and forwards, over and over, through and through, till I nearly knew it by heart; and I should like nothing better than to read it again to-morrow. Just consider to what a circle you are introduced. There are the two main figures, forming a contrast in real life scarcely surpassable by Don Quixote and Sancho Panza—Johnson, physically a giant, deformed by disease and infirmity; intellectually one vast mass of common sense and human shrewdness, masked by outrageous prejudices, and, morally, hiding a woman's tenderness and a hero's independence of spirit under the roughness of a street porter; a man who begins by disgusting you, who soon extorts your respect, and who ends by making you love him like a dear friend. And Boswell, the inimitable, who has something amiable in all his follies, even, if I may say so, in his vices; whose vanity is redeemed by an unstinted and hearty appreciation of excellence which amounts to genius; with whom we sympathize because he lays bare so unsparringly weaknesses of his own, which, as our own conscience tells us, are not quite without certain corresponding germs in our own bosoms, who thus makes a kind of vicarious confession for us, which we enjoy though we would not imitate; whose indomitable gayety, whose

boundless powers of enjoying every excitement, even the excitement of confessing his sins and making good resolutions for the future, disarms all our antipathies—this unparalleled fool of genius attracts us as much as the master whose steps he dogged, and whose very foibles he copied. And this delightful pair are only the centre of a circle. Boswell opens the door to the whole literary history of the century. Johnson comes into contact in his youth with Pope and Swift, who had known the wits of Charles's days, and in his age with Hannah More, who made a pet of Macaulay, and with Miss Burney, who lived long enough to have made, if she had chosen, a pet of me. By friendship or hostility he touches all the great Englishmen of his time. Think only of three friends, of all of whom Boswell gives us the most intimate glimpses; Burke, incomparably the greatest writer upon political philosophy whom these islands have ever produced; Goldsmith, who 'touched nothing that he did not adorn,' author of some of the most exquisite poetry, and of the most exquisite idyl of country life in our language; and Reynolds, the first of English painters, who still preserves for us the most admirable representation of his great contemporaries.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE PIONEER OF AMERICAN ANGLING LITERATURE.—Once in a while a contemplative author like Thoreau, sauntering by the river side, or Willis, from 'Under a Bridge,' or Prime in 'Owl Creek Cabin Letters,' or Ik Marvel, wrapt in 'Reveries,' would lead us unsuspectingly into secluded by-paths of the forest, descending piously upon the silvery denizens of the brooks in a fashion to prompt an occasional vacation Rambler to go a-fishing. But these new men (*novi homines*) in the days of their novitiate never aspired to higher game than the 'trout in speckled pride.' The way in which they held him up to tender recognition might make a sentimental person wish to fondle, but never to skin and eat him. Prime, good master, was adolescent then and callow, but he was a born angler, well versed in the mysteries of the brooks; and, as soon as ever his heart was hardened and he ceased to regard the beautiful things as pets, he began to write bravely of kidnapping them from their fluvial homes and 'playing them scientifically,' and so has continued to write for forty years, though he has never risen to the higher plane of the salmon. I suppose that the undisputed pioneer of American Angling Literature, pure and undefiled, is Charles Lanman, who came as one crying in the wilderness, as early as 1843, when he printed (in London) his 'Adventures of a Salmon Angler in Canada.' The same book was issued contemporaneously in America as a 'Tour to the Saguenay.' His subsequent wanderings by lake and river were woven into a double octavo volume of most entertaining sketches, under the title of 'Adventures in the Wilds of America,' printed in 1856. He has no peer among his countrymen.—*The London Field*.

'COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY.'—The photographic world has been deeply interested by the announcement that a process of color photography has at last been discovered. The art has made wonderful strides during the last forty years; but hitherto it has been found impossible to reproduce the color as well as the form of natural objects. Attempts have not been wanting, for the inducement has been great, the vista which such an achievement would open up being of indefinite extent. We have been curious, therefore, to ascertain to what extent the latest invention has carried the art, and a few days ago a representative had an interview with its author, Mr. J. E. Mayall, of 164 New Bond Street. . . . Mr. Mayall has been for twelve years perfecting the principle, which he has now brought to the point of artistic and commercial utility, and, so far from proceeding by the rule of thumb, this has involved the study of such abstruse subjects as the laws of optics and a steady course of microscopic and spectroscopic analysis. In short, a very considerable scientific knowledge has been essential to the development of the art, and Mr. Mayall's training as an experimental and analytical chemist at American universities prior to settling in London some forty years ago has been of the utmost value. Fifteen mordants are used, three of which are flesh tints, the natural effect being largely secured by the tone of the negative. For instance, if the same color were applied to the photograph of a mulatto and a fair man, the tone of the print would make the former much darker than the latter. The color identifies itself so thoroughly with the work of the camera that it does not appear as something superadded, as in the case of brush-colored photographs. In short, the finished picture is a remarkably life-like reproduction of the original, in which it is almost impossible to distinguish between the work of the camera and the effects of the subsequent stages. . . . The system cannot be described in strict terms as color photography, as the colors are not reproduced by the camera, but it is the nearest approach that has yet been made to it.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

Notes

THE CRITIC is indebted to the Bureau of Education for a copy of the 'Speech of Señor Don Matias Romero, Mexican Minister,' read on the 65th anniversary of the birth of Grant, in the Metropolitan Methodist Church at Washington. The pamphlet is worthless in matter and ridiculous in manner. It throws no new light on the character or career of the great commander, but simply records 'a sincere and disinterested friendship, which was converted after his [Grant's] death into great admiration for his character.' Why Señor Romero failed to admire his friend's character until he died, is not explained. Indeed, nothing is satisfactorily explained in these ill-written and rambling pages—not even the writer's and Gen. Grant's connection with the Mexican Southern Railroad, for which they have both been criticised. 'Nobody was ruined in this country, so far as I know, by that operation,' the writer says. Nor is any explanation vouchsafed of the publication by the United States Government of this privately printed vindication of the Mexican Minister. Why, in the name of all the proprieties, should Señor Romero's absurd mixture of reminiscence and adulation of Gen. Grant and defence of himself, be sent all over the United States postage-free? Why should the Bureau of Education circulate a document which would corrupt the grammar and rhetoric of any schoolboy who should read it? And why should a failure to acknowledge the receipt of this absurd pamphlet be taken (as a printed notice declares it will be), as an indication that the recipient does not care to receive the future publications of the Bureau?

—The collected stories of Col. R. Malcolm Johnston will be published by Harper & Bros. under the title of 'Mr. Absalom Billingslea and Other Georgia People.'

—It is said that Cardinal Newman contemplates publishing a volume of reminiscences in the fall.

—Miss Katharine Prescott Wormley, of New York, a lady who acquired her familiarity with the French tongue during a residence of twelve years in France, is the translator of the Roberts Bros. edition of Balzac. We are glad to hear that her name will appear on the title-page of future volumes in the series.

—The result of the experiment of opening the reference library and reading-room at Bradford, England, on Sunday afternoons during the past six months has been so satisfactory, that the order to keep open will be made permanent.

—Sir John Lubbock's new volume, to be published by Messrs. Macmillan, will be called 'The Pleasures of Life.'

—Mrs. Sara Louise Saunders, one of the editors of *Dress*, is preparing for Lee & Shepard a compilation of 'Festus,' a poem which has run through thirty editions in this country. In a letter received last March, Mr. Phillip James Bailey, the author (who has passed his 70th year), says:—

It will give me great pleasure to accept your offered dedication of the projected volumettes. . . . Your idea of the book you contemplate appears to me both interesting and novel. . . . The current impression of the poem is probably not much in vogue in the States, my readers there adhering chiefly, it would seem, to the earlier editions. But there have been many and important additions to it since. . . . A new one, the eleventh in this country, I am now preparing for the press, and it may be expected some time during the year.

—Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. will have ready in time for Christmas Perry's 'Greek Literature,' a philosophical account of the growth of Greek literature, and of its relations to the physical surroundings and political and social history of the people. It will be fully illustrated. In time for the school-year they will publish new editions of Otis's 'Elementary German' and Cook's 'Otto's German Grammar.' Prof. Whitney's 'German Grammar' is to be entirely reset, in larger type. The exercises are to be much increased, and placed entirely at the end of the book. The new edition, thoroughly revised, will be ready by January, 1888.

—Derrick Sterling: A Story of the Mines, by Kirk Munroe, will be begun in the next number of *Harper's Young People*. The scene is laid in the coal region of Pennsylvania, and Mr. W. A. Rogers, who illustrates the story, made a special visit to the places described.

—Mr. George E. Woodberry's *Atlantic* ode, 'My Country,' was written about a year ago, after a six months' tour in Europe.

—Still another of the Egypt Exploration Fund's Vice-Presidents has been honored recently, Prof. C. T. Newton being now Sir Charles T. Newton, K.C.B.

—At the Deerfield Summer School of History and Romance the following well-known writers are to speak or read this summer: George W. Cable, July 16, 'Fiction as a Vehicle for Truth'; Prof. J. K. Hosmer, July 23, 'Sir Henry Vane'; N. H. Dole, July 30, 'Russian Novelists and Count Tolstoi'; Dudley Warner, August

17, 'Education'; Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, Miss Alice C. Fletcher, Samuel Adams Drake and Prof. Stanley Hall.

—For the 'Odes and Sonnets of Keats,' which will be the Lippincotts' holiday book this year, Mr. W. H. Low, the illustrator of 'Lamia,' has made twelve full-page drawings.

—Mr. Elbridge Streeter Brooks, author of 'Historic Boys,' etc., and now a member of the firm of D. Lothrop Co., of Boston, is to bring out a new book in the fall—a history of the North American Indian. This is the first work that he has written for mature readers, and the first complete yet concise and popular work of the kind that has been undertaken. It has been in preparation for some months, and has engaged the services of readers and assistants in searching through early histories and compendious government reports for data. The author says that he finds the aborigines less red than they are painted, and that he is going to credit them with several interesting virtues.

—'The Instability of the Atmosphere,' by Prof. N. S. Shaler, will probably attract more attention than any other article in the August *Scribner's*. Not only is the reading matter interesting, but the illustrations, which are made direct from instantaneous photographs of cyclones and tornadoes, are as curious as they are unusual. In the same number Mr. Arlo Bates will discuss 'Realism and the Art of Fiction.'

—The 'Letters of Horatio Greenough,' reviewed in these columns a fortnight since, were not edited by his nephew, Francis Boott Greenough, but by that nephew's mother, Frances Boott Greenough.

—Mr. Richard Mansfield has made a success in the play, 'Monsieur,' of which he is the author and in which he plays the title rôle. It is a very slight play, but it does not aim at being anything else, and it serves to pass a pleasant evening in the company of one of the cleverest of the present generation of actors.

—Mr. Ruskin will write the preface of a new sixpenny illustrated magazine, to be published in England under the name of *Atalanta*, and Andrew Lang and Rider Haggard will contribute to the first number.

—A portrait of the late Dr. Mark Hopkins will appear in the August *Book Buyer*.

—Thackeray's Letters, now 'running' in *Scribner's*, will be printed in book form before Christmas.

—The revised edition of 'Johnson's Universal Cyclopædia,' now complete, brings every department of the work down to May, 1887. It has been made by a thoroughly organized body of scholars, having thirty-three department editors and more than two thousand specialists as contributors.

—Mr. J. Bleeker Miller's 'Trade Organizations in Politics,' noticed in our issue of May 28, is published by the Baker & Taylor Co.

—The death is announced, in her native Thuringia, of Eugen e Marlitt, whose novels of German aristocratic life have been widely read in this country. She was for many years a sort of companion to Princess Sonderhausen, who years ago gave her a home and patronage when failing eyesight forced her to leave the stage.

—Tolstoi's 'What People Live By' and 'In Pursuit of Happiness' have been translated for D. Lothrop & Co. by a Russian lady. For the same firm Miss Lucy Wheelock has translated Mme. Spyri's 'Swiss Stories.'

—*Apropos* of the recent discussion of the Mayall photographs of Hawthorne, a correspondent writes to us that the Rev. J. Cuckson, of Springfield, Mass., owns a photograph of Emerson taken in Liverpool in 1847. It is one of the earliest photographs of the philosopher, and is very rare. It was taken by Mr. H. Cox-Walker, Church Street, Liverpool.

—'Carmen Sylva,' Queen of Roumania, sent to Queen Victoria, on the occasion of the Jubilee, a magnificently printed and bound copy of the abridged People's Edition of her own translation into the Roumanian language of Queen Victoria's 'Journal.'

—Charles Egbert Craddock's new Serial in *Wide Awake* is 'The Story of Keedon's Bluffs.'

—W. J. P., of Camden, writes:—'I have read with great interest the article in THE CRITIC of July 2, on "Salem in Hawthorne's Day," and from what I know from my mother's family, some of whom were literary people in the past, I believe it not to be at all exaggerated. Salem was a place of much cultivation and refinement in Hawthorne's time, and of considerable wealth. I have seen a good deal of some New England towns. Portsmouth, N. H., for instance, though much inferior to Salem, was a place of great wealth and cultivation, with fine private libraries and travelled citizens. Of course the Salem of our day has changed, as modern

life is fast obliterating all traces of Colonial and Revolutionary times as well as of the period of the first quarter of this century, in all American towns, and commerce has long since left Salem wharves empty. I fully believe Hawthorne received his inspirations from his local memories and associations with this town. His mind was as sensitive as a daguerreotype plate to all impressions, and his early ones never left him, but moulded his life.

—Mr. Henry W. Austin will spend a part of the summer at Winthrop, Mass., preparing for the press a recently finished novel, and writing some papers on the tariff.

—Arthur Edmonds Jenks's prize-essay on 'Social Life at Yale' will appear in the August *Lippincott's*. In the same number Mrs. Bloomfield Moore will have another word on 'The Keely Motor Secret.'

—Miss Grace Denio Litchfield has recently completed a new story. She will pass the summer in Switzerland.

—The secretary of an English library observing that there was a great demand for Kingsley's works, and an equal demand from about the same persons for Ruskin's, wrote to the latter, to ask how it was that so many people were led to admire such widely different writers. Mr. Ruskin's reply was characteristic:—

That two such opposite authors should take hold of the same minds, is entirely probable if the opposites are both a part of the world and its sky. Kingsley liked east wind; I like west. Kingsley stepped westward—Yankee way. I step eastward, thinking the old star stands where it used to. There was much in Kingsley that was delightful to raw thinkers, and men generally remain raw in this climate. He was always extremely civil to me and to Carlyle, but failed in the most cowardly way when we had the Eyre battle to fight. He was a flawed—partly rotten, partly distorted—person, but may be read with advantage by numbers who could not understand a word of me, because I speak of things they never saw or never attended to. I extremely dislike Kingsley's tragedy myself; but if other people like hearing of girls being devoured or torn to pieces that is their affair.

We suppose Kingsley's admirers will be prompt in rallying to the defence of their favorite.

—The result of exploration in Eastern lands, especially Egypt, Chaldea and Palestine, has been summarized by the Bishop of Ossory, Ferns and Leighton in 'Echoes of Bible History,' published by Mr. Whittaker with fifty illustrations.

—The entertainment of the American Association for the Advancement of Science will fall upon the citizens of New York for the first time this year. Twenty-nine cities of the United States and Canada have been honored by its meetings, and wherever it has convened, it has quickened the spirit of investigation and the love of knowledge. Of the nearly 1900 members, 1200 are expected at the thirty-sixth meeting. Many of them will bring members of their families, whom they are permitted to register by payment of the regular fee, so that provision must be made for 2000 persons. For the money required an appeal is necessary. At the Philadelphia meeting nearly \$10,000 was expended. For the approaching meeting in this city (August 10-17) a larger sum is required, to be expended by the Local Committee for printing, postage, clerical work, and the expenses of entertainment. Gen. Thomas L. James, President of the Lincoln National Bank, 32 East 42d Street has consented to act as Treasurer, and all subscriptions should be addressed to him. Information concerning the work of the Association will be gladly furnished by the Local Secretary, Prof. H. L. Fairchild, of Columbia College.

The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1274.—If the gentleman in Albany who wrote to Mr. E. E. Hale, a few months since, for some information regarding Harvardiana; will send his address to this office, we can put him in the way of learning what he wishes to know.

No. 1275.—Has Erskine Nicoll's picture 'The Disputed Boundary,' which was in the Stewart collection, ever been etched, and if so, where can I obtain a copy?

MONTREAL, CANADA.

M.

No. 1276.—Several years ago I saw published in a magazine or

newspaper, a letter of Mr. Robert Browning, acknowledging that he had Wordsworth, in mind when he wrote the poem 'The Lost Leader.' If you can tell me the name and date of the publication in which the letter appeared, I shall be greatly obliged.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

G. L. F.

[The following is a copy of Mr. Browning's letter, addressed to the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart, editor of 'The Prose Works of Wordsworth.' It is given on page 37 of the Preface:

19 WARWICK-CRESCENT, W., Feb. 24, '75.
DEAR MR. GROSART:—I have been asked the question you now address me with, and as duly answered it, I can't remember how many times: there is no sort of objection to one more assurance, or rather confession, on my part, that I *did* in my hasty youth presume to use the great and venerated personality of WORDSWORTH as a sort of painter's model; one from which this or the other particular feature may be selected and turned to account. Had I intended more, above all, such a boldness as portraying the entire man, I should not have talked about 'handfuls of silver and bits of ribbon.' These never influenced the change of politics in the great poet; whose defection, nevertheless, accompanied as it was by a regular face-about of his special party, was to my juvenile apprehension, and even mature consideration, an event to deplore. But just as in the tapestry on my wall I can recognize figures which have *struck out* a fancy, on occasion, that though truly enough thus derived, yet would be preposterous as a copy, so, though I dare not deny the original of my little poem, I altogether refuse to have it considered as the 'very effigies' of such a moral and intellectual superiority. Faithfully yours,

ROBERT BROWNING.]

No. 1277.—Are the side-notes in Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner' such as, 'Here the Ancient Mariner becomes unintelligible,' etc.) by Coleridge, and have they always been printed with the poem?

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

E. K. R.

[We believe that they are the poet's, and have always been printed.]

No. 1278.—When was tobacco first called the 'weed'? I ask, not out of pure curiosity, but because in Shakspeare's 76th sonnet occur the lines

And keep invention in a *noted weed*
That every word doth almost tell my name;

and since Shakspeare never mentions tobacco, these lines are used to show that Raleigh wrote the Sonnets.

FLUSHING, N. Y.

A. E. E.

[Of course the 'weed' has no reference to tobacco or any other plant. To 'keep invention in a noted weed' is simply to put poetic fancies into a familiar or well-known dress—a meaning which is obviously required by the context. For *weed* in this sense see many passages in Shakspeare; as, for instance, in Sonnet 2: 'A tatter'd weed.' For *invention* in the sense of imagination or poetic faculty, see Sonnet 103: 'That overgoes my blunt invention quite;' or 105: 'And in this change is my invention spent,' etc. In the dedication to 'Venus and Adonis,' Shakspeare calls that poem 'the first heir of my invention'—the first offspring of his imagination. The use of *weed* for tobacco would probably be found to be considerably more recent than Shakspeare's day. Of course such expressions as 'the Indian weed,' etc., are to be found as far back as the Seventeenth Century. The poem 'Smoking Spiritualized,' beginning 'This Indian weed, now withered quite,' is as old as that. But calling tobacco merely 'the weed,' without an adjective or other descriptive adjunct, is, we are inclined to think, comparatively recent.]

ANSWERS.

No. 1267.—The address of W. L. Stone, Jr., is Tower, St. Louis Co., Minnesota. If the question refers to me, my address is given below. I have a son F. W. Stone, whose address is the same as mine.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

WM. L. STONE.

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work depends upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Appleton, G. W. A Terrible Legacy. 50c.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Atkinson, E. The Margin of Profits. 75c.....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Browning, R. The Blot in the 'Scutcheon and Other Dramas. 56c.....	Harper & Bros.
Butler, J. S. The Curability of Insanity. 60c.....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
By the Way: An Idler's Diary. By F. F.....	Boston: Clarke & Caruth.
Delitzsch, Dr. Franz. A Day in Capernaum.....	Funk & Wagnalls.
Karl Kron. Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle. \$2.00.....	Karl Kron.
King, E. A Venetian Lodger.....	London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.
Hugo, V. Things Seen. 75c, 25c.....	Harper & Bros.
Huntington, F. St. Paul's Problem.....	T. V. Crowell & Co.
Johannot, J. Ten Great Events in History. 65c.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Lyall, E. In the Golden Days. \$1.50.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Morrison, G. B. Ventilation and Warming of School Buildings. 75c.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Mortimer, Rev. A. G. Forty Hymn Tunes. 50c.....	E. & J. B. Young & Co.
New England: A Handbook for Travellers. \$1.50.....	Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Pope, A. An Essay on Man. 10c.....	Cassell & Co.
Riddell, Mrs. J. H. Miss Gascoigne. 25c.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Spence, Rev. H. D. M., Exell, Rev. J. S., and Neil, Rev. C. Thirty Thousand Thoughts. Vol. v. \$3.50.....	Funk & Wagnalls.
'U. R.' A Novel. 15c.....	Harper & Bros.
White Mountains, The. A Handbook. \$1.00.....	Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Yonge, C. M. Under the Storm. \$1.50.....	Thomas Whittaker.
Young, A. A. Tour in Ireland. 10c.....	Cassell & Co.